

**The Golden Era.**  
THURSDAY, November 6, 1884.  
LINCOLN COUNTY DIRECTORY.  
Probate Judge—S. S. Terrell.  
Probate Clerk—S. R. Corbett.  
Sheriff—J. W. Poe.  
County Commissioners. E. T. Stone,  
J. M. Montano,  
A. Wilson.  
School Commissioners. C. L. Ulick,  
A. M. Baker,  
E. Keene.  
PRECINCT NO. 1—DIRECTOR.  
Justice of the Peace—John M. de Aguiar.  
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.  
There are three articles in the November which render it one of the most interesting yet issued. "Money Panics," by Richard B. Kimball, LL.D., traces the history of panics from that of 1890 in London, to that of May, 1884, in New York and Charles Gayarre relates the particulars of "Washington's Surrender at Fort Mifflin," in 1754—both articles are finely illustrated. The third feature in the commencement of a thrilling serial story by Mr. Garrett Walker, of New Orleans, entitled "The Death-Mark." The author is both blind and paralyzed, and yet with beautiful cheerfulness and energy supports himself upon his writings, which he dictates to an amanuensis.  
There are, also, the usual variety of choice reading matter in the 128 quarto pages and the embellishments number over 100. This is unquestionably the cheapest magazine in existence—the price is only 25 cents a number, or \$2.50 a year, post-paid. Mrs. Frank Leslie, publisher, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.  
Fictions of Childhood  
It happened that one evening Ethel's mamma lit the nursery instead of Minna, the German maid. "What makes the light come, mamma?" queried the child with the air of one who knew already, but wished to test her parent's knowledge. "Why," exclaimed mamma, rather vaguely, "it is a sort of air that burns. It is shut up in the pipe, and when we turn the knob it rushes out and we light it with a match." "I thought you didn't know," the little one remarked, "or you'd be more afraid of it. I know all about it, Minna told me. A dragon lives in that pipe, and his tongue is made out of burning fire. He is a friend of Minna's, so when she turns the knob he just sticks out the tip of his tongue and makes a nice little light; but he hates children, and if Bobby or I should turn the knob he would rush right out in this room and eat us all up in a minute. This is true because Minna told me." The small narrator relaxed into satisfied silence, and her truth-loving mamma fell to wondering which was really better—her own lame attempt at scientific explanation or the highly colored fiction of German Minna, which, while an absolute falsehood, appeared at once to the vivid imagination of the child, had effectually prevented her pursuing any personal investigations of the gas.  
Why They Became Mormons.  
A Castle Garden official recently stated some of the reasons why so many English women came to this country to join the Mormons.  
They don't have half a chance to get husbands in England," he said. "Why, one of 'em was telling me the other day that, out of 100 women folks in her native village between the ages of 20 and 35, there were husbands for only 56 of 'em. Fourteen of the other 44 had owned husbands once but they had died. The remaining 30 never had any, and no hopes of getting any. She seems to have made a study of the question, for she told me that there were less than 4,000,000 women between 20 and 40 years in all England and Wales, and of them nearly 2,000,000 were unmarried. So when the English women learned about Utah, and the glorious opportunities it offered in a marital way, they became impressed with the place at once; and that's why they keep coming over with the Mormon missionaries.  
A Fine Regulator.  
A single human hair indicates whether the air supplied in the ventilation at the Capitol at Washington as too moist or too dry. A perfectly dry air is put at zero. Saturated air, that is, air, carrying all the moisture it will hold, is put at 100. The human hair absorbs moisture, and like a rope, becomes shorter when moist. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet and the same hair when dry is made to represent the 100 degrees of moisture on the dial; and the hand or pointer moves backward or forward as the moisture in the hair varies. If it becomes too dry, more steam is allowed to escape. And thus the atmosphere is regulated at the wholesome point.  
There are in Chicago not less than from 40,000 to 50,000 women, girls, and children who perform various grades of labor which were formerly in man's province.

**Low Rating Himself.**  
"You needn't come up here begging any more or I'll scold you," said a lady living in the fifth story of a New York house to a tramp who knocked at the door. "I don't usually lower myself by soliciting aid from persons living above the second floor, but I thought you paid so little rent up there that you could afford to be charitable, and I sacrificed my self-respect to furnish you with the opportunity. Permit me to retire," and moving his hat with the grace of a Chesterfield, he withdrew from the canvass.  
**That Let Him Out.**  
Mrs. Henry Jordan, a New York lady, has considerable natural ability as a conversationalist, so much in fact that her husband remarked to her playfully:  
"Fanny, dear, I wish you would come with me to the reading room in Cooper Institute."  
"Why, Henry?"  
"Just to spend a quiet half hour. One of the rules is that no conversation whatever is allowed in the room."  
She looked at him calmly for a few moments, and then said:  
"I've been there once, and I will go with you, if you desire it, but you will not be admitted."  
"Why, not?"  
"Because there is a placard stuck up just outside the door, that reads: 'Persons using tobacco, and under the influence of liquor are excluded from this reading room. That lets you out, doesn't it, Henry, dear?'"  
**How Our Neighbors See Us.**  
The following is a literal translation of an article which appeared in a leading paper published in the city of Mexico which is intended to enlighten the people of that republic as to the operations of our political campaign just over: "For several weeks past the struggle for the Presidency in the United States has been raging with the customary animosity. Gen. Jimblaine of the Federalists, is opposing Senor Dr. Cleveland from the Province of Hendricks, with much energy and the usual Democratic violence. Already numerous challenges have passed and threaten the peace of the United States. In favor of Gen. Jimblaine the Commander of the Federal Army has levied a heavy tax upon the commercial interests of the whole country, and in consequence thereof several serious revolutions have already occurred in the state of Coney Island. A characteristic feature of this election-campaign is that Gen. Jimblaine is called 'the Knight of the White Plume,' in remembrance of the military renown won by him when the Federal Generals were threatening the Capitol."  
"Shake!"  
Some years ago an emigrant from the United States kept a small restaurant in a town situated in one of the great stock-raising districts of South Australia. He was presumably the only Yankee in those parts. There was an enormously rich old stockman who came into town from his lordly cattle range at intervals, whose nationality was a matter of doubt, though he usually passed for a tactician and uncommunicative bachelor Scotchman.  
One day this wealthy but solitary old chap entered the restaurant of the man from the States. When he left he looked hard at the proprietor and then simply remarked:  
"American, aren't you?"  
On being answered in the affirmative the millionaire cowpuncher walked away without another word.  
Regular once a week he reappeared, silently ate a hasty lunch, and made the same stereotyped inquiry, receiving the same emphatic, "Yes, siree!" in reply. At last there came a time when the eccentric old customer did not return. One month went by—two. At last a wagon stopped at the door, and the old fellow, pale and wasted with sickness, was helped out and supported into the saloon. He called for his usual steak with a weak but dogged determination, ate a morsel and then tottered up to the counter. As he paid his bill he whispered hoarsely:  
"American, aren't you?"  
"You bet," replied the proprietor pleasantly.  
Stretching out his shaking hand the old customer said:  
"Shake! So am I!"  
Then he tottered away without another word. Three days afterwards a lawyer came into our young countryman's place and told him that the queer old guy out on the Thompson range had died and left him a cool \$1,000,000.  
Some years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticing large tracks of land covered by a wild flower, near not a sign of insect life was visible. The bloom was the pyrethrum whose odor deals death to the lower forms of life, and whose powdered leaves form the basis of "insect powders." The seed of this flower was distributed in the United States, and a Dalmatian has been growing it with great success in Stockton, Cal.

**He Did.**  
Yesterday an old horse being driven along High street before a wagon loaded with dirt fell down, and instead of being at all concerned about it the negro driver got a rest for the small of his back and filled his pipe for a smoke. Several pedestrians halted, and one finally called out:  
"Why don't you help that horse up?"  
"Kase I've lifted at him befo', an' I know I can't riz one side o' him."  
"But I should think you'd pity him."  
"Oh, I does, boss—I sartainly does. If I didn't I wouldn't sot beah an' keep him company when I kin airn \$1 a day."  
**Rough on Tom.**  
President Arthur and a few friends were enjoying their cigars on the veranda of the White House one afternoon last week, when the conversation turned on the experiments recently made by a French physician on the head of a murderer immediately after the execution.  
"The French scientist is of the opinion that the head retains consciousness for several minutes after it is cut off," remarked Gen. Sheridan who had read a description of the experiment.  
"Gentlemen," said the President, removing his cigar, "I know a still more singular case. I decapitated on the suggestion of Col. Ochiltree here, a colored Federal official down in Texas, and he made more noise after his head was off than he did before."  
"Was he sensible for any length of time after his head was cut off?" asked one of the party.  
"I don't know whether I can say that he acted sensibly or not, but it is a fact that he retained sufficient consciousness, four months after the decapitation, to cast 13 votes for Jim Blaine at Chicago, first last and all the time. Didn't he Tom?" Col. Ochiltree blushed and was silent.—[Texas Siftings.]  
Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I'm a well known man. I'm a New Yorker, and my name is a familiar one to the American people." "Were you a General in the war, stranger?" "No, Sir. I fit, in the war but not as a General." "Congressman perhaps, or Governor of some State?" "No, sir. I'm not a politician nor statesman; I am a private citizen, and proud to say it." "Well, if you are not a great soldier or statesman, what is it that has made your name a familiar one throughout the country. Who are you?" "I'm John Smith."  
"What did you get out of that, case?" asked the old lawyer. "I got my client out of it," replied the young one. "And what did he get out of it?" "Satisfaction. I reckon. I didn't leave anything else for him to get." "Young man," said the senior, proudly, "you'll never be a Judge. There is not enough money on the bench for you."—[Burlington Hawkeye.]  
Paper doors are now used by builders in New York. They cost nearly as much as wood, but do not swell, shrink, or crack. They are covered with a fire-proof coating. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood.  
The English have precisely as many troops in Ireland as we have in our whole army. Oppressing a people is a very expensive business.  
It is said that the number of cattle now in the United States is about equal to the number of the population—about 55,000,000 head.  
**LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
Territory of New Mexico, ss,  
County of Lincoln.  
To Ben. H. Ellis:  
Take notice that a suit in remount, by attachment, has been commenced against you in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of New Mexico, sitting in and for Lincoln county, by Isaac Ellis, damages claimed seven hundred and fifteen (\$715.55) and fifty-five one-hundredths of a dollar, with interest from March 1st, 1884, and under and by virtue of said attachment, all the right, title and interest in all that tract of land in the town of Lincoln, to-wit: Commencing at the post, the established corner of the four forty-acre lot embraced in the south-east quarter, section 29, township 9 south, range 16 east, and running thence east from said post along the line between the north and south half of the southeast quarter of said section, township and range to a point where said line intersects the south bank of the Rio Buelo; thence in a north-west direction along the south bank of the Rio Buelo to the established corner, standing for the northeast corner of the west half of the southeast quarter of said section 29, same township and range; thence south along the line between the east and west half of said southeast quarter of said section, township and range to the place of beginning, and all the buildings and improvements of the same. You are, therefore, notified that unless you enter your appearance in said case on or before the first day of the next term, of said court, to be held at Lincoln on the second Monday in May, 1885, a judgment will be entered against you for the said sum of \$715.55, with interest and costs of suit.  
GUYMON R. BOWMAN, Clerk.  
Geo. T. Beall, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff.  
**NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.**  
Lincoln Co., N. M., Sept. 16, 1884.  
To C. A. Roeder, You are hereby notified that we have expended \$100 in labor and improvements upon the Diamond Crown lead, situated in the Lincoln Mining district, Lincoln County, N. M., as will appear by certificate filed and recorded May 10th, 1884, in the office of the Recorder of said county, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2324, revised statutes of the United States, being the required amount to hold the same for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1885. And if within sixty days after the publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscribers under said section 2324.  
B. M. WHITNEY,  
J. C. HORTON,  
CO-OWNERS.

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